

# WEST SAXON

AUTUMN 1937

With the Compliments  
of the Editor.

# THE WEST SAXON

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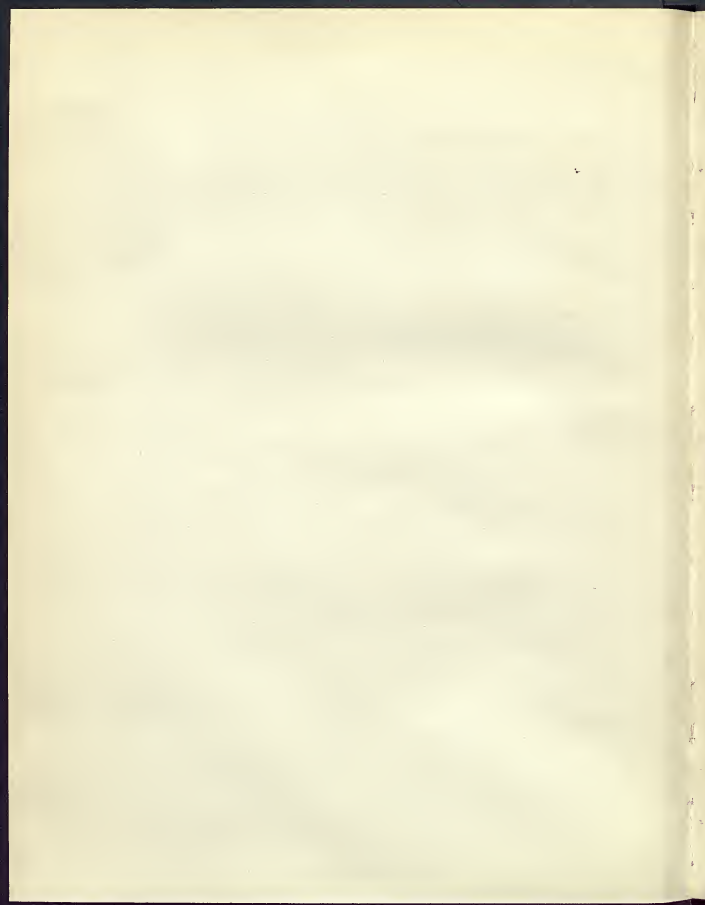
AUTUMN TERM 1937



University College, Southampton

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## EDITORIAL.



Tradition is against the *West Saxon*. Some students manage to tolerate it, most ignore it, and some hate it soundly, but none love it. In the past, one has been inclined to buy a copy of each issue at the urge of a certain vague feeling of duty, but it has been a joyless formality. We make no extravagant claims for the merits of this present number, but would like to indicate that an attempt has been made to undermine this unfavourable tradition and to introduce new elements here and there which we hope will find favour amongst the critics. We hope that the average student will find the magazine acceptable; it is not for the extremists: the so-called Intellectuals will find little to please them, whilst the more irritating type of Bright Lad, after glancing at a copy bought by someone else, will no doubt offer the usual sneers. We have, from time to time this term, caused it briefly and verbally to be suggested amongst students that the *West Saxon* would attempt to be a little more amusing and un-literary, and that for this purpose some bright and "snappy" contributions were required. Contributions were duly promised, witty and amusing contributions. But, we say it sadly, these contributions, if they have materialised at all, have been for the most part modestly withheld, or maybe judiciously destroyed, by their owners. Perhaps, encouraged by this issue, they will favour us next term.

We are probably right in saying that the *West Saxon* is one of the very few things that carry the name of the College out of its sub-parochial mists into areas of influence and enlightenment. Other Colleges and Universities all over England, Scotland, and the "Colonies" send us their magazines, and in return we send them ours. The *West Saxon* is our shop window: we are judged by it. If the *West Saxon* is deplorably thin (as both literally and figuratively speaking it very often is), then automatically our students are held by these other Colleges and

APPEARANCE  
AND REALITY

Universities to be mentally and physically of a corresponding type. On the contrary, University College, Southampton, or (in deference to the Art Club, to touch-line enthusiasts and other visionaries) "Wessex," has much upon which to be congratulated. Leaving aside for the moment individual achievements, we must congratulate the College principally upon an advance of prestige locally. Southampton is beginning to be conscious of a budding University in its midst. Notably helpful have been the kindly reports of our activities

#### GROWING PRESTIGE

printed in the *Southern Daily Echo*, a newspaper which seems to have an appreciation of, and sympathy with, our needs and ideas. No doubt, thanks to this growing publicity and prestige, we are making appreciable progress in the direction of becoming the University of Wessex.

But we cannot speak with anything but ignorance or naiveté of these things, because as yet no student is competent to judge what finally will be the destiny of the College. Vast schemes for

#### SCHEMES

new buildings have been set in motion by "the authorities," but the main drawback here is the difficulty of saying exactly what these schemes are, and concerning the financing of them, the difficulty of saying anything at all without annoying someone or other who must not, at any costs, be annoyed. In connection with these new buildings, however, reports have been rich in the frequent occurrence of the disturbingly metallic word "technical," the very sound of which seems inimical to the traditional idea of a University. Tradition is, however, as usual, out of date.

From the future and from tradition, let us return to current life in College. Again this year we are especially pleased to welcome the foreign students, and express a hope that the numbers of such students will continue to increase in future years, for nothing can influence more the state of international relations than the degree

#### OUR GUESTS

of understanding between the young men and women of different countries, understanding gained at first hand. In the past, without doubt, the language difficulty has been the cause of too much of the misunderstanding and diplomatic friction amongst the nations, and those who are striving to surmount this difficulty are deserving of unqualified praise.



We should like, in conclusion, as is usual in these columns, to offer congratulations to the Union officials elected for this session.

*OUR BETTERS* To the more prominent of these a special section has been devoted "in the body of the work," comprising short accounts written, not by us, but by people in College who are more personally familiar with them and with their careers and activities.



### DREAM AND REALITY.



THE night seems distant now :  
Face divine smiles up at me ;  
Moonlight counterfeits your smile,  
You, whom I held in my arms the while  
We waltzed, in rhythmic harmony.  
O, unkind !

Must I struggle, strive,  
For ever, for ever live  
In the realm of fevered mind?  
Must it be always so . . . ?  
Your smile urges me close to you,  
Repose I find  
Close to you ;  
Thus may it be  
In our eternity !

## RICO.



E was an unusual old man. A strange mixture of self-reliance and helplessness. Now and then, in his brighter and more confident moods, there was a hint of the cheerfully tough customer he must have been in his youth. Lately, however, he seemed to have aged; the smile that flashed from his dark face was rarer, and his voice, with its Italian accent and American idiom, was more subdued.

"He has had many troubles," his wife told me, "and sometimes he worries himself too much about things that are best forgotten." I think she was glad I had come to see him. So was he. We spent a delightful afternoon wandering over the farm. Rico had a gift for farming that he must have inherited; certainly he had done none in America. What had he done in America? No one seemed to know, and any reference to his early life changed his Latin fluency to a guarded silence.

He was worried; there was no doubt of it; it showed through his pleasure at seeing me again. Suddenly he told me that he was trying to sell the farm.

"Sell the farm?" I almost shouted, really disappointed; "Sell it? Why, I thought you loved it."

"The farm is a good one, that is so," he said quietly, and I have grown very fond of it. But I shall not feel happy or safe until I have sold it. Then we can go back to Italy. That is what I live for now; to go home and to live there, if only for a year or two before I die."

Now this subdued, melancholy fellow was not the old Rico. I said no more at the time, but touched on the subject again after tea, when we had settled down by the fire, and were feeling pleasantly lazy.

"Listen," he said. "I tell you what's on my mind. You're a good kid, and anyway, I got to tell someone. You guessed something's wrong; maybe I been showing it, maybe it's just because you're my pal that you notice it. But I bet you say to yourself: 'What's the matter with old Rico? He's got a good wife and a swell little farm, but he ain't happy.' You think Rico's getting old; he's got crazy ideas in his head, the way old people do. But I don't kid myself. I got plenty reasons to be scared. I been here too long. Pretty soon somebody's going to find out where I am."

"Who's going to look for you, Rico?" I asked. You made your money honestly; you told me that. So what have you got to be worried about?"

"You never heard about Tony Vessari, maybe?" I shook my head. "Well, that's what I got to be worried about."

He lit a cigarette, and leaned forward in his chair.

"First of all, my name ain't Enrico Bellini, or Rico, as you have known me; but that does not matter. Where I used to live in New York, there was four or five hundred Italians. Most of them was honest-johns, poor but contented, and a few of us was getting along well and making quite a little bit. We ran joints, and sold a little liquor now and again to the customers, nothing criminal, just a little honest bootlegging, perhaps you might call it, but it put us in the money, and it was a pretty safe racket. We was pals with all the cops; they knew when to lay off. But this Vessari I am telling you about, he is a hard guy who comes into the town suddenly and starts hijackin' our goods, which leads to a gang war in New York, because we regular bootleggers ain't going to stand for that kind of thing, especially the big bosses. So it is Vessari and his hijackers on one side against us legitimate people on the other, and in the end it turns out that Vessari just manages to get the upper hand. But this does not come about without a good deal of bad feeling, and maybe an occasional shoot-up. It has been me especially who sticks out against Vessari, and I get so as to be recognised by him as a sort of leader of the opposition, and as time goes on, I have got to being quite a big shot. Well, this does not make him and me very good pals, and it seems I am about due for one of these shooting-up parties. And I am not mistaken. I am waylaid one night on Forty-third by some toughs, but my pals (I had a bodyguard in those days) gets the best of the shooting for once and it turns out that two of Vessari's boys are bumped instead of me. He is now plenty mad as you can imagine, but I try to carry on the war all the same. However, things begin to get so bad in town for me, all on account of his influence, that I no longer have any support amongst the smaller shots, and I figure that I have to clear out or get bumped sooner or later, maybe sooner than I think. So I collect all the money I've got, sell all I can, and move right out. I go as far as Detroit, but that ain't far enough for Tony Vessari, and in about a year he's spoilt my chances in most every town in the United States. So I come to England, but the last thing I hear is that Tony is not through with me yet."

He paused, threw his cigarette-end into the fire, and sat staring straight in front of him. He continued:

"I know him, I know what he's like. It won't be long before he finds out where I am, and sends somebody to get me. That's why I got to sell the farm and scam to some place safe. That is why I go back to Italy to live out my life."

Rico lit another cigarette, and I thought it over. I could see that there was not a chance in a million that they would find him now, or that they would even be looking for him. If they'd wanted to find him, they would have done it before now. They had probably forgotten all about him.

A big car swept up to the door, and a man in a heavy overcoat got out. We heard his knock, and Rico, who had gone very white, went to answer it. I went with him.

"Enrico Bellini live here?" said the visitor, with a harsh American accent. Rico just stared at him.

"Ye-es."

The visitor's hand went to his overcoat pocket, and Rico tumbled in a heap.

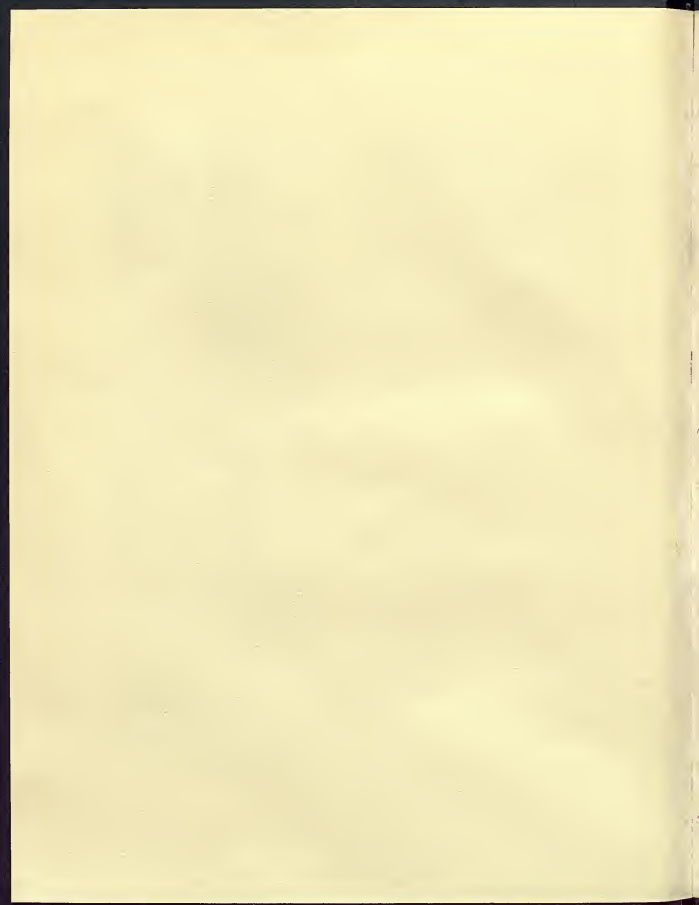
"What's the matter with the old man?" said the American, "Fainted, I guess."

He withdrew some papers from his pocket.

"I just got these details from Mister Bellini's agent," he said. "I want to buy the place."







## THOSE RUSSELL CHAPS.



ALTHOUGH the College as a whole has a sympathetic appreciation of the difficult and rather anomalous position of Russell Hall, until now no serious or reasoned attempt has been made to outline this position to the College and to suggest constructive amendments. Nothing more sustained or coherent has been heard than general complaints by individual Russell men to other individual students about the poor facilities for self-expression, or the reserved and slightly standoffish attitude, which is quite understandable, of Hall students towards members of the Day section.

It is a commonplace that many difficulties stand in the way of the Russell man who wishes to enter fully into College life. There is no continuity between his various activities in the College, in Faculty, in sports, in societies; there is not that broad background of the Hall life which lies behind the activities of other students. He does not know the number of people that a man in residence does, and he cannot follow the currents of College opinion which evidently flow through Hall talk and discussion. In some of the worse cases, Russell men are often unaware of even the most broad and general ideas and events that are going on. *Who is the President? Do we have a College play? Jagger?—never heard of him;* these and worse are commonly-heard remarks. Coming up to College, the town fresher finds everything so nebulous after the highly centralised life of the Secondary School, and if in his early terms he finds nothing here to interest him, he tends from that time onwards to remain isolated. He is a student of, but not a member of, the College.

It is to try to get at the roots of these difficulties that the Russell Hall Committee is aiming this year to put out feelers to test College opinion on several issues, the resolving of which would do much to clear up the difficulties that confront the Hall. One suggestion put forward advocates a lengthening of the lunch-hour. At the moment a smaller number of Russell Hall men enter into the life of College societies than members of the Halls of Residence; but members of Russell Hall are not anti-social, as is shown by the appreciable number of her *individuals* who are prominent. The main stumbling-block is that the lunch-hour (or rather, the lunch-period, as an hour is irrevocably an hour) is too short for Russell men to get home at 1 p.m., and attend a meeting at 1.20. It is natural that most men who live near home prefer "Dinner" there, to lunch in refec. And apart from culinary considerations, few freshers are prepared to spend money on lunch at College merely in order to attend a meeting

of a society of which they do not feel part. The rival claims of a hearty "dinner" at home and a Union Meeting at College are rather obvious. Thus, having been to neither a Union nor a society meeting, the new town man drifts into a habit of attending nothing, except perhaps an occasional lecture. Even for the resident students, twenty minutes is hardly adequate time in which to relish the full *goût* of refec. lunch, and for these reasons Russell Hall has suggested a lengthening of the lunch-period to one and a half hours; all afternoon lectures, labs., and seminars, beginning at half-past two, and lunch-time meetings at 1.45.

A second suggestion, namely that of an occasional visit to other halls, is perhaps less difficult of accomplishment. It is clear that members of Russell cannot get to know Stoneham and New Hall\* men unless they have opportunities of meeting them more often in social activities. In order to accomplish this, the committees of these Halls are being approached with a view to arranging these meetings.

As well as reforms affecting other sections of the College, Russell Hall must improve its own internal social life, so as to be attractive to new members and prevent them from developing isolational tendencies; a Dart-board has made many happy, and other suggestions are being made, and when Russell has the room that it has been promised in 'The New Building Across the Road (O, vision fair!) the Hall will probably begin to feel something like being a part of the College.

A.H.M.S.

(\*Have pity on them; you see the poor souls are so benighted that they don't even know yet that New Hall has changed its name.—ED.)



#### LONDON TRAGEDY.

The potter, and Professor P., were walking down the Strand,  
They wept like anything to see the men on either hand  
All heedless of the heritage of England's pleasant land.

"Do you suppose," the potter said, "that they would stop to hear,  
If I recited 'Widsith' on a soap-box somewhere near?"

"I doubt it," said Professor P. and shed a bitter tear.



## THE SONG OF HI-DE HO-DE



HOULD you ask me whence this story,  
Whence this harrowing narration,  
I should say "You *are* a dumb cluck,  
Not to see it all about you,  
In the lecture-room and Lib'r'y,  
In Refec and other places;  
'Tis the song of Hi-de Ho-de."

Strong and lusty Hi-de Ho-de :  
It was he of all the Sixth-form  
Was the best at games and study :  
He had won the cherished tassel,  
Won the tassel of a captain,  
Won the fair, the seemly tassel,  
Tassel, symbol of a chiefling.  
Such he was, in manly learning,  
When his mother, and his father,  
Said : The lad shall go to Wessex,  
To the wigwam of the learned,  
To the care of Big Chief Princee,  
By the Mighty Big-Sea-Water :  
He should conquer all the best there,  
Knock them all into a Cocked Hat,  
Foremost should he be amongst them,  
Student-chiefs of Arts and Science,  
Bachelors of Arts and Science,  
Spinsters too of Arts and Science,  
By the Mighty Big-Sea-Water.

So the doughty Hi-de Ho-de  
Came to Wessex, to Southampton,  
Came to Col., four years to sojourn,  
To the care of Big Chief Princee,  
Big Chief Princee-Brooding-Eagle,  
By the Mighty Big-Sea-Water.

He was loaded all with honours,  
But at Col. they nought availed him,  
For he was a puny Fresher,

Fresher, raw and unenlightened,  
Fresher, meanest of the meanest.  
He was spurned, he was slighted.  
So he slunk into a corner,  
And his soul was sad within him,  
Slunk into a dingy corner  
Of the Library, for Freshers,  
For oppressed and slighted Freshers  
Haven of respite and solace.

Thus he toiled, thus he studied,  
Studied at a pine-wood table,  
With the others of his kindred,  
The companions of his sadness,  
Of his carking disillusion ;  
Studied, studied, always studied,  
For there was no other solace  
In the wigwam of the learned  
By the Mighty Big-Sea-Water.

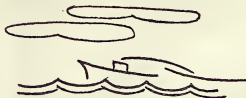
So the young man Hi-de Ho-de,  
Day and night, and morn and even,  
Gave himself to books and writing,  
Writing at a pine-wood table ;  
Till at last the Final Writing  
Came upon him, and he triumphed,  
Triumphed over his companions,  
Wrote and wrote, and never tarried,  
Answered all the subtle questions  
With the cunning of a master.

So he gained his First-Class-Honours  
By the Mighty Big-Sea-Water ;  
Then he took his Dip. in six months,  
For he longed to be a teacher,  
Wield authoratative tenure  
Over all the little blighters  
In some large and stately School-place  
Of a Secondary nature.  
But there were too many teachers,  
The profession overcrowded,  
And he could not find a School-place

Of a Secondary nature ;  
So he's teaching kindergarten  
In a dull and dingy suburb.

And his pining heart is heavy,  
And his soul is sad within him.

Mothers of the towns and hamlets,  
Fathers of the woods and meadows,  
Send your maids and youths to College,  
To the Wigwam of the Learned,  
By the Mighty Big-Sea-Water.  
They will mould him to a hero,  
They will fashion him in fullness,  
They will train him, they will make him  
Fit for any fierce encounter,  
Fit for honour, fit for riches,  
Fit for teaching kindergarten  
And the victims of to-morrow.



## THE FOUNDING OF CUZCO.

A legend of the Incas.

(Amongst the many legends which idealise the origins of the Empire of the Incas, perhaps the most beautiful is that of the four Ayar brothers.)



OW it came about that when the waters of the Deluge had departed from the earth, there came four brothers from the Pacaritambo, which is called the Inn of the Dawn. And their wives were with them. In rich clothing they went, and with them took pottery of gold from their native land.

And the purpose of their journey was to found a city, the capital of the empire which was to be.

Now Ayar-Uchu, the eldest of the brothers, had a golden sling and with it power to cast stones as far as to touch the clouds, and with his stones he could bring the mountains to fall. His brothers envious of such a power, with great cunning made him to enter a cave, where they trapped him, blocking the entrance with great stones. But in that moment the Andes began to rumble and the highest mountains to come down from on high, and the brothers, terrified by the mighty cataclysm, fled away to Tambo Quiro ; and lo, here they began to build a city. But as they were building the foundations thereof, they beheld Ayar-Uchu coming to them, flying in the air with multi-coloured wings. And he said : Do not be afraid, I come only to command you to build the city of Cuzco, not in this place, but in a valley which is near at hand, and this city shall be the capital of a great empire. And you are to raise a great temple in honour of our God, the Sun, and the world shall marvel thereat. For me, I will remain in the mountain of Huanacaure, and shall be your protector in time of war. And grateful to me, you shall raise altars in my honour. And to be a sign of your rank and of your mastery, you shall wear earrings of heavy gold, even as now I am wearing.

And he departed ; and they went to the mountain Huanacaure, where he did appear before them again, saying that as a sign of their noble origin, they should cover their brows with the

Mascaipacha, the scarlet cap. And from that time were the Incas known from the wearing of the Mascaipacha.

Then did Ayar-Uchu ascend to the very top of the mountain Huanacaure, and forthwith became transfigured in the shape of an Huaca (which is to say, image), and lived in the mountain, the most powerful ikon of the Incas.

Then of the brothers who were left did Ayar-Manco cause Ayar-Uca and Ayar-Cachi to climb into the mountains; and they were turned into stone. And Ayar-Manco with the four women entered into the valley and founded the city Cuzco and made peace with the nations that were round about.

A.G.



## BUTTONS.

**N**O earthly Beadling this, but a faery sprite, calling up at mortal bidding Doctors, Professors, Students, Charlie, drawing pins and matches from their hellish homes. Spirited away with promises of untold riches, lured from his mother's side by Charlie's fiendish talent-scouts armed with tape-measure and chloroform-pad (lest he prove fractious) his etherially-pinioned body became mortal flesh. For Charlie, his voice pregnant with awful doom, has said: Let there be Ector! And Ector was.

Even now his supernatural origin is manifest. Materialising with sprite-like suddenness from behind pillars with a gay "What you doin' 'ere?" or "Ullo, got a job?" (to the more unfortunate graduate), joyous and *insouciant* is Ector, though his life be one long diet, lest he offend the Powers by outgrowing his uniform. 'Tis said that Ector's brother Ector, bound to earth by blue serge chains, rebelled in this against the gods, who cast him out to be seen no more.

But Ector, take heed! Slip your brassy bonds, leave this vale of tears, lest you reap sown seeds and become a full-fledged BEADLE, condemned to eternal confinement within academic walls!

J.G.

## MEDITATION UPON AN AMOEBA.

(With apologies to Jonathan Swift.)

"*Amoeba* : . . . the lowest class of animal life. It consists of a shapeless, microscopic piece of jelly, and lives on the floors and sides of ponds. . . ."



NE-CELLED, and invisible to the naked eye, this curious creature, which you behold here under the microscope, is full of character, in never-changing surroundings, striving always to develop an ego, and if not pulsing with bounding vitality, or cramming to the full every minute of the crowded hour with colourful incident, can at least be said to be a Living Being.

Let us now enquire into the existence of the Amoeba : let us open at random the book of his life and see what is writ upon the chance page. Let us first observe him, then, in his locomotion, and it is here that the Amoeba expresses the whole of his intense, his subjective, and therefore Romantic, nature, and we may, from our observation, see that he can truly be said to Exert Himself. His movement from one place to another is an embodied realisation, nay, an apotheosis, of the *bête machine*. For this is the method of his travelling : the Amoeba pushes a part of himself forward, and holds it there (whether by will, or physical power, it is conjecturable), then he gathers up the rest of himself and with great effort thrusts this remainder out and wraps it around the foregoing part. And thus he proceeds, millimetre by millimetre, centimetre by centimetre, inch by inch, until he has overcome the entire distance.

Observe him, too, in his *dégustation*. Let a chance piece of floating food approach, say a small particle of a bread-crumb, swimming, as it were, into his vision, like some new planet to a watcher of the skies ; he stiffens, and gathers himself to assault it. Picture now the unsuspecting yeasten morsel, aimless and *insouciant* drifting ever nearer, nearer, to the Amoeba's relentless maw ;—wait ! it is the end ! Atropos sharpens her shears—the Amoeba opens himself, slowly, but with horrible inevitability, encompasses the hapless bread-crumb on three sides, and then slowly closes down upon his victim with the whole weight of his unique cell, and for the moment his prandial lust is satisfied. Thus he lives, from hour to hour, from day to day, until at last, worn out with striving, satisfied perhaps that he has lived the life that has been

expected of him, but disillusioned, repressed, and thwarted at every turn by the more seamy side of his existence, which he strives to conceal beneath a care-free exterior, the Amoeba lies down at last in a forgotten grave, while the same existence as his still goes on and on over his unmourned shell in the younger generations of his kind.

When I beheld all this I sighed, and said within myself : **Surely man is an Amoeba !** Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, but by ceaseless exertion in travelling from one place to another, generally from the same place to the same place, every day, by the same never-changing roads, and by a never-ending striving for wherewith to fill his belly, he at last wears himself out and is beset with such ills and grievances as make him glad with all his heart to lay himself down and pass quietly into annihilation.

OTOTOI.

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### REQUIEM.

("Buck," Mr. Ackroyd's sort of bloodhound, has been gathered to his fathers.)



**BARKEN**, ye sprites ! Ye fun'ral spirits, weep ;

Ye breezes mourn for him and sigh :

For death has lulled him to the lasting sleep

Whence none awake. O cry

Ye flowers, beasts, all living things,

Let go the salty streams of gentle grief ;

Forbear to fly, ye birds, and fold your wings,

To mourn this victim of the Eternal Thief.

Now droop ye laurels, lean to tender Earth,

And willow, bend thine understanding head,

And still the laughing stream's untimely mirth,

For BUCK, that parody of hounds, is—dead.

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*Notice in Men's cloak-room.*

LORST.

An English primer has been lorst owt of this clokeroom ; it seems to either most remarkably have disapiered or else stole. It was on the shelf I left it but not their now. The one who finds it pleze return to Std. II classroom, as I need it.

## DESIRE.

Δέδυκε μὲν ἃ σελάννα . . .



OW from the black sky  
Down to her sleep the moon,  
And to theirs the Pleiades  
are gone :  
Waking I lie,  
In the noon of the night-time  
aching, alone ;  
Unwoo'd in the youth of my life,  
The joy that could be  
Slips, slips away, into eternity !  
(From the Greek of Sappho.)





## WINTER SPORTS.



T has been said that there are six kinds of winter sports—ski-ing ; skating and ice-hockey ; tailing and ski-joring ; lugeing or tabogganing and bob-sleighing ; curling ; and getting engaged. I can only claim to have personal knowledge of the first two of these and tailing, but I will give a few impressions of the others as well. I will deal with them in the reverse order, not merely for the sake of convenience, but because I suspect that if I deal with them in the above order, many of our readers would look ahead anyhow to see what I had to say about the last-named "sport." So "to our muttons," or, as they ought to say in Switzerland, "to our veal."

To call such a serious matter as getting engaged a "sport," is presumably rather a misnomer. It is perhaps more popularly regarded as one of the *dangers* of winter sports, or of visits to winter sports resorts. There seems to be a popular notion that these resorts are great centres for "husband-hunting" (perish the word and the idea !); but as against that one may perhaps quote the fact that I only know of three or four casualties at Murren, in the last four years ! That will perhaps compare favourably enough with the record of N.U.S. tours ! Enough on this delicate subject.

In contrast with the foregoing, *curling* is primarily an older man's game. It is quite simply the winter equivalent of bowls, and is one of the most amusing of winter sports to the onlooker. The rink is about the same size as a bowls green ; the two chief implements used are a large rounded granite stone with a handle, and a besom or broom for sweeping the ice. Each team of four is captained by a "skip," who directs operations in a wonderful jargon. The idea is to send the stone skimming along the ice to the other end where stands a thing looking like a skittle, surrounded by marked-out circles. The ritual begins with a loving caress of the stone, and then the player "lays the stone," i.e. despatches it to its destination at the other end, as near the skittle as possible. (One mark of a good curler is that he never smashes the ice when he lays the stone.) The "skip" at once cries : "Well laid, sir !"—even when it hasn't been ; and then he has quickly to decide a knotty problem, whether to order the other members of his team to sweep the ice with their besoms or not. If he thinks the stone is coming fast enough towards the skittle, he shouts, "Let her come !" and they let her come, unless he suddenly changes his mind and orders a frantic sweeping. If it is coming too slowly, he shouts, "Sweep ! sweep !" and they fall lustily to sweeping

the ice in front of the moving stone, in the hope that it may travel faster. The highest praise the "skip" can give for a good shot (or whatever they call it) is "*You for a curler!*"—said with a great deal of feeling. I haven't any idea how the scoring is done; I can only record the impressions I have received of the game. I have thought that the game might be still further livened up if nine skittles were used, to be knocked down as in a proper skittles alley; but the devotees of curling obviously regard the present game as so sacred, that I have never dared to suggest so irreverent an alteration.

*Lugeing* or *tobogganing* and *bob-sleighing* are merely alternative ways of losing height quickly, though on the same principle; they are developed forms of the tea-tray used on the downs at home. A luge is really a small latticed wooden seat, with runners underneath and a turned-up front. On a hill, one is always careful to have a luge on a lead, as it has a nasty habit of running away and upsetting people in the valley. Young children chase up and down the gentler slopes with their luges for hours on end, with or without their mothers or nurses; and one great aim is to see who can make the biggest mess of the snow with one's heels in braking, to make things unpleasant for any ski-ers who may be coming down that way. The more expert and scientific form of this innocent pastime, bob-sleighing, or "bobbing," I have never seen. I nearly saw a "bob" once at Engelberg, but it went over the edge of the banked-up course before it came down to where we were; at Murren, they have given it up ever since a man was killed some years ago. But everyone has heard of the "Cresta" run at St. Moritz, and will know of the thrills and dangers of "bobbing."

*Tailing* and *ski-joring* may be coupled together as oddments; they are just incidentals to the proper business of winter sports; in both cases, a horse is used. Ski-joring is nothing more than being hauled along on skis behind a horse or a horse-drawn sleigh, and is perhaps analogous to riding a surf-board behind a motor-boat, though not so exciting. Only the lazier ski-ers indulge in it. Tailing is a more complicated business. Someone organises a tailing party, and you are asked to join it; and if you do not know what it involves you may agree, and feel you are doing your good turn for the day—though probably what really attracted you was what you were told about the hot, spiced wine at the other end, the intervening journey not being described in detail. The outfit consists of a sleigh, with a gaily-caparisoned horse in the shafts, driven by a romantic-looking and romantically-dressed native; and some twenty luges are tied on to the sleigh, one behind the other, this forming the "tail." The

aged and infirm, or the senior members of the party, ride in the sleigh to watch the fun. The rest have a huge each to sit on, and the party sets off at a good pace towards an inn some miles along the valley. The main idea is for those in the middle to wriggle from side to side as much as possible so as to unseat the unfortunates on the luges at the end of the "tail." After many stops to pick them up, the inn is reached and the party is regaled with the afore-mentioned hot-spiced wine, and Swiss national dances are danced at terrific speed to the strains of a concertina. Then on the return there is another scramble for luges and the same process is repeated. This is, of course, one of the less subtle forms of winter amusements, and good "tailers" are doubtless born, not made.

And what of *skating* and *ice-hockey*? The former is an art or even a science, calling for an incredible amount of patience and perseverance and (so far as legs and ankles are concerned) endurance. The initial stages are easy. It is not difficult to move along the ice—the difficulty is to stop or stand still without slipping up. One soon hears quite a new jargon; all one's skating acquaintances talk unceasingly of edges, outside and inside, forward and backward, and threes; and occasionally too one hears quite awe-inspiring talk of loops and brackets and rockers. I have never exactly understood what they mean by the last of these, but it would be a good description of many of one's own movements on the ice! The rink provides the spectator with very varied entertainment—the delightful ease and perfection of the first-class skater, the fascination of a well-matched pair of dancers moving in perfect rhythm, the eager persistence of the intermediate skater practising hard at "school figures"; while the clown-like antics of the novice provide comic relief. The development of ice-hockey in the last few years has been remarkable. I have only seen it in Switzerland, out-of-doors, on natural rinks; it must be still more exciting on indoor artificial rinks. It is all so incredibly fast, and it is surprising that there are not more casualties. It is quite definitely not a game to be indulged in or attempted by those who have reached the half of their threescore years and ten.

I have left to the last the king (or is it queen?) of winter sports, perhaps indeed of all sports—*ski-ing*. Here is no case of "once bitten, twice shy." It grips one with an extraordinary fascination, and is both highly enjoyable and nerve-racking at every stage of one's progress. It is not merely a most exhilarating form of exercise, it is also a grand way of getting about among the mountains and exploring the marvellous beauties of light and colour and form which they afford. The underneath surface of the skis are waxed if you want

to go faster ; the sticks you hold in each hand are primarily intended to help one in climbing uphill, but beginners always find it difficult to realise this and are often seen clutching them as if they were a pair of candlesticks, as they come down a slope. One obviously cannot go for an expedition in the mountains on one's first day, before learning the minimum of the technique required. The preliminary practice is learnt on the "nursery slopes." Unless a slope is gentle, with a good run out at the foot, one cannot go straight down a hill with one's skis parallel. Control would be difficult in view of the speed attained, and it would be merely asking for a broken limb. So one learns the elementary forms of braking, and turning to right and left, commonly called "stemming," in which one's skis are placed roughly in the shape of an inverted V. After three or four days' practice, finding one's legs and getting more at home on skis, one would be ready for a simple expedition with easy slopes. But, however easy it really is, the beginner always funks the first expedition, and is afraid of going too fast and losing control, wondering what is round the bend, etc., and as the easiest way to stop is to fall down, the falls are usually many ! More points of technique must then be learnt—especially how to traverse a slope, how to take bumps and uneven ground without upset, and how to do the faster turns, christianias (affectionately called "christies") and telemarks. When one has attained a fair proficiency at these, ski-ing becomes a real pleasure.

Space does not permit me to write of more specialised achievements such as ski-jumping, the slalom, which consists of dodging in between various cunningly placed flags on a steep slope ; these are things for the experts, not for the ordinary winter sports enthusiast. When I think of ski-ing, it is not so much of these things or of racing. I think rather of a white landscape, jutting out of which are rocky or snowy peaks and snow-laden pines ; out of a wonderfully blue sky the sun pours down ; the snow is finely powdered by the frost and is perhaps being blown off a ridge against the sky-line as a kind of plume ; and as we travel down to the peaceful valley below, the stillness is only disturbed by the gentle hiss of the skis as they bear us on our way.

FREDERICK TINDALL.

## AT RANDOM.

### SAYS ANOTHER

Popularity in College consists of doing outstandingly startling or unusual things, says a cynic. Such as getting a First?

### ABOUT TIME

An Old Hartleyan writes to us to say that in his opinion the Freshers in College now are less naive. So they ought to be, they've been here nearly three months.

### LET HIM TRY

The poor Fresher is not even allowed to be fresh.

### HAVING A GOOD TIME

Heard in the Men's Common Room: A: "See much of the Exhibition while you were in Paris?" B: "What exhibition?"

### MORE BECOMING, BUT . . .

A Highfield resident says that she always puts on the Radio Normandy Programme in the morning. At the risk of being called Traditional, or Philistine, we must say we still urge the more conventional blouse, skirt, etc.

### FORTY YEARS ON

There will be great rejoicing the year the new refec. is built, says a report. What, another Silver Jubilee, or something?

### PROVERB FOR VETERANS

There's many a pip 'twixt matric. and dip.

### MEDICAL NOTE

One morning a student, who had omitted to return to his hall of residence on the night before, was amazed to see a number of beautiful young women coming into the Library. After taking two aspirins he was able to resume his studies.

### MAXIM

Work is the ruin of the Drinking Classes.

### MOAN

When two or three students get together, complains a critic, there is always a lot of bad language. Well, after all, it *is* about time they built that new refec., isn't it?

## THE DESERTED CAPITAL.



PARIS," says the guide-book, "is empty in the summer months. It is the off-season ; the Parisian deserts the capital. . . ." That is sweeping : a vision arises of a great city, of Paris, lying empty and deserted under the scorching August sun ; now and again a solitary walker passes down a long and desolate boulevard, and his footsteps resound hollowly through the *quartier*.

The vision is incorrect, of course, but nevertheless, part of what the guide-book says is truth. Paris is not bleak with solitude, but the Parisian certainly must desert the capital, for very little is seen of him there in July and August. His absence is counterbalanced by *Tourisme* (i.e. swarms of Americans and Englishmen.)

"*Le Tourisme*" sounds like a political disease, but, disease though it may be, it has nothing political about it ; that is, nothing political in the ordinary practical sense of the word, for under its regime all are brothers, all are equal, and members of one big happy family. And although when in Paris in the summer, it is just possible not to be a *touriste*, or even to spurn the name, you are, nevertheless, a foreigner, you are in a strange land, you are unacquainted with the complete idiom ; so is the *touriste* all these things, and this puts you on an equal footing, makes you his brother ; you are Easy Meat.

Americans predominate, and for this we may say thank goodness. Let us take advantage of the traveller's privilege to generalise. Their men are friendly, not chummy or hearty or patronising ; they are willing to learn, do not give Advice, and are not snobbish. Their women contrive to make themselves fairly good-looking. The English men, on the other hand, are irritating. They are Mines of Information (especially about the Customs, which they all look upon as a sort of Secret Service lying in wait to rob them of their legitimate booty), while of the English woman it is perhaps best not to speak at length, if we would be chivalrous, but if it may be said that she will "pass in a crowd," let us simply modify it and say that she will probably pass in it as a kind of freak, especially if the crowd is near the Etoile or the Champs Elysees.

To return to the Americans. Paris seems to be ruled largely by them, and caters for them extensively. American shops, American films, American magazines, American dentists, American bars, and Americans. "Visit Paris and Brush Up Your American" might be a good Tourist Agency slogan. If you do not know American, you have a great handicap ; there are many language difficulties for the

unprepared. Let us relate a story. There are a certain gentleman and an American Tourist in the Cluny Museum ; the conversation turns, naturally enough, upon Paris in general. The c.g., feeling that the moment is ripe, lets off something by Montaigne ; "Paris a mon coeur des mon enfance ; plus j'ai vu d'autres villes belles, plus la beauté de cette-ci peut et gagne sur mon affection."

"That sounds all right," says the A.T., and is silent. Presently he says :

"Waal, who rolled it ?"

"I beg your pardon, who rolled it ?" The c.g. shows a certain amount of surprise.

"Yes, who rolled it ? Who was the rider ?"

"Who was the—— ? It is getting too much ; the A.T. is no doubt developing some kind of Anglo-Saxon gnomie verse :

"Who rolled it ;	who was the ridere ?
Heo that wisse	lat him answare."

It may be relevant to the matter in hand, so the gentleman, who is polite, agrees heartily, although he is still puzzled. The American becomes heated.

So much for the American language difficulty, but there are other stumbling-blocks. For instance, the Englishman :

"I say, what do you think of teeking beck ?"

"Teeking Beck ? Er—— I don't know that I've seen—— er—— I mean, I haven't been yet, I——"

"Haw, haw. Nerw, Aimean, what are you thinking of teeking beck asa souvenir of Peris ?"

"Oh, you mean—— oh, yes, I see ! Well, I've been hunting about trying to get a good model of the Winged Victory, you know, that thing in the Louvre—very beautiful, I think, but they don't seem to be able to make good reproductions of it ; the ones I've seen have been terrible."

"Oh, mai deah boy, you really must go to the Galeries Lafayette, they've got some naice ones theah, yes ; all silvah you kner, with leather stuff for the sails."

"No, it hasn't got sails, I mean that Greek statue that——"

"Yes, yes ; you can use them for ash-trays, too ; very useful little things."

At this point use either (a) your sense of humour, or (b) a good straight left to the jaw.

LUTECE.



## L. M. WALLACE.



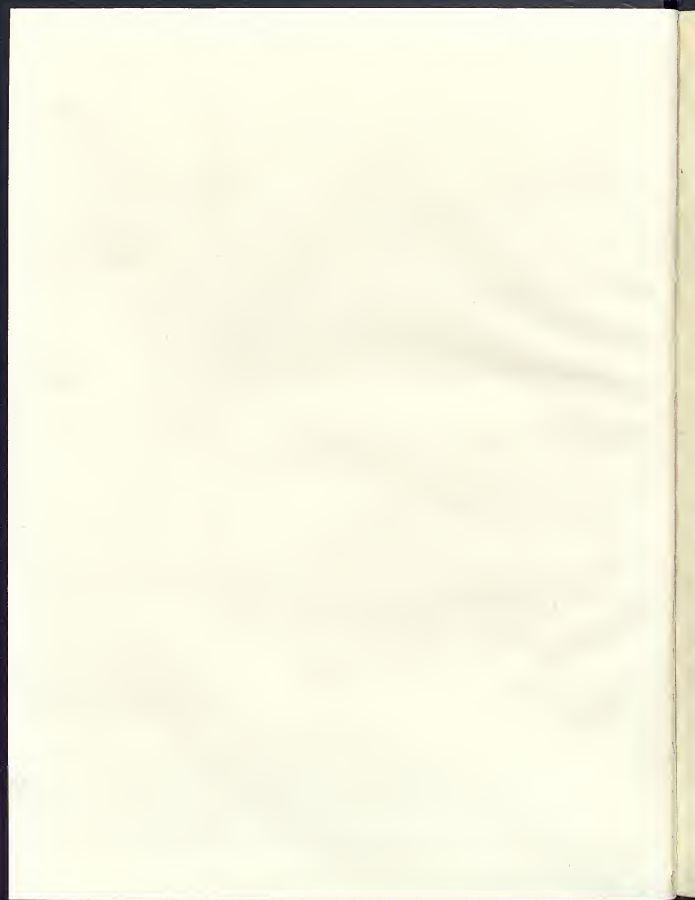
LAWRENCE Mervyn ('call-me-that-and-hope-for-the-best') Wallace. Known locally as the "Brading Flash," "Whirlwind Wallace," or "Wallace, Aged 20." Hopes to spend his 21st in Colombo. In spite of his selection for England, is not mentioned, as yet, in Who's fearfully Who, *Wisden's The Smallholder*, or the National Darts Association ranking lists. A member of Prof. Pinto's Academy for Young Gentlemen. Was unaware of the fact that he could run until quite late in his school career. Is sprint champion of both the Isle of Wight and Hampshire, and ran away with the Southern Counties 220 yards championship at Brighton this year when he recorded 22.1 secs. Holds the College 220 yards (22.2 secs.) and 440 yards (51 secs.) records, and the 100 yds. jointly with D. R. Tier, at 10.1 secs. Thinks his most classic performance was in his early days, when, running in plimsolls, on wet ground, he was so delighted to find himself in the lead after 90 yards of the short sprint that he fell and kissed the earth. Has two ambitions, to do well at Sydney, and to have rows of little Wallaces who can all do the furlong in evens.

*Bon Voyage* and good luck !





L. M. WALLACE.



## THE WAY IT'S DONE.



WID you, O young and eager Fresher, read the poster on the notice-board a few weeks back, exhorting you to write or draw anything and everything, and to send it in to the *West Saxon*? Of course you did. And didn't your heart leap within you, and didn't your subconscious whisper to you: "It's fame, beckoning to me at last?" Yes, they did. And you thought, didn't you, about that article in last term's school mag. on "The most interesting day of my holidays," or that daring satire in Blank verse about the Staff? Yes, again. And then you read a few specimens of original compositions in *Wessex News*, and thought how weak they were, and how much Better and Finer your own efforts would be. And then you forgot all about it.

Or perhaps you did actually send in two poems, or some "Thoughts on a Modern University," by A. Fresher, or a story, or even a pen-and-ink sketch. And you waited, and bought the *W.S.* and took it to the Library and looked, oh, so casually, for your contribution, and didn't find it. Or maybe you did find it, drastically cut and brilliantly re-written, and you were glad with all your soul that the friendly veil of anonymity concealed your blushes.

Ah, blissful innocence of youth, not thus are scaled the slopes of Parnassus. The august *West Saxon* has more, far more, than this, behind it. The Seasoned Contributors (if any) will turn in their quota at the last minute; the man with a Reputation will be approached and hectored by the Editor and his minions. The Editor himself will from the fount of his inspiration, pour ideas into the minds of reluctant scribes who "really haven't the time, old man, so sorry"—nay more, he will most like throw off a modernistic lyric, three ballads, something in heroic couplets about Refec. or College women, and will add a prose epic and five topical articles. Then from this Welter of Material, he will weed out the unprintable, and with the Editorial Cabal in synod will smelt, recast, and polish it to his will. So from the bloated maw of the Blue-Pencil Kings is spun this glittering web of Literary Achievement.

POLOL.

(Sh-h! dear Polol; you may be perilously near the truth.—ED.)

## DISSERTATION ON GLOVES.



HANGING on the wall of my room just opposite me as I sit here writing is a set of boxing gloves. Aged, battle-scarred veterans are they, long past their prime, their padding pushed down until but two thin layers of leather lie between the knuckle and its mark ; but many a mighty tale do their pitted skins proclaim of hard-fought fight beneath the harsh arcs' glare. I was born with a deep reverence for ancient things, and these gloves were aged when they were first given to me, that day I received my first introduction to the "Delicate Art of Fibbing" ; with these self-same gloves I scored my first knock-out.

A most satisfying feeling is it when your man goes down before the clean, crisp smack of the glove that covers your fist, and the referee counts, and the crowd is yelling. So yelled the crowd in those far days when leaden, cestus-covered fists thudded and bit in some mighty sandy-floored colosseum, agleam with marble and bronze, for the delight of effeminate young exquisites upon a Roman Holiday. From the bare-knuckle slogging days of Figg, Broughton, and Slack, to the swift rapier-like exchanges of Dempsey, Harvey, or Farr, what a gentle nursery-game it has all been compared with the terrible encounters that were the joy of Greece and Rome. Yet there was never a victory among them to compare with that proud day when first your own opponent goes down before you and fails to rise in time.

A sadist's game, I hear you say, thus to satisfy the brutish appetite of man and pander to the blood-lust of a crowd. Not so. You wrong boxing, an art which teaches a gentleman how a gentleman may punch a gentleman and, by supple twists and bends of body, by certain cunning shifts of foot, may deftly escape the indignant fist of the gentleman so smitten. An art demanding the fullest co-ordination of brain and muscle, dazzling speed and generalship, and stamina, too, for anyone with a single weak place in his armour, physical or mental, is out of place in the squared circle. And self-control. "The man who can master himself can master the world," is a true saying and worthy of all men to be believed. But surely no wordy prattle is needed to defend the art of defence. Gloves and the fist inside them—surely there never was nor ever will be a nobler weapon.

"Scorning all treacherous feud and deadly strife,  
The dark stiletto and the stealthy knife,  
We boast a science sprung from manly pride,  
Linked with true courage and to health allied ;  
A noble pastime, void of vain pretence,  
The fine old English art of self-defence."

G.C.

## WITH APOLOGIES.



R. G--st

From Labour does not rest ;  
(In statistics mathematical  
He's *quite* fanatical).

Dr. L-wt-n

Has decidedly caught on,  
Whether it's as professor  
Or father confessor.

Mr. V-ck-rs

Ought to go on the flickers ;  
He'd be invincible  
As a "principal."

Pwofessor C-ck

Is hard as wock :  
(It's definitely wwrong tact-  
ics to cut Contact)

Mlle. L-b-ll-

Aime bien la foule ;  
Et il paraît même  
La foule l'aime.

Mr. Gr--n

Is seldom heard or seen,  
But does not count for naught  
At C-nn--ght.

Professor B-tts

Very seldom lets  
Anyone go far  
From his Seminar.

Dr. Q--nn

Was very seldom in,  
But *now* at least, perhaps he'll cease to roam,  
And stay at home.

Miss H-l-l-y  
Is most irrepressibly jolly :  
Whatever her trials  
She smiles.

BLERIHEW KENTLEY.

## THE SOUL.



INTROSPECTION is undoubtedly the present *mal du siecle*, so why not be truly sickened and discuss the soul. If you feel that you are wasting your life, study your soul, and you will be certain of it.

It was Modern Thought that first confirmed the existence of the soul. For millions of years our ancestors were happy in their ignorance of the fact that they had souls. But came a time when great grandfather George the One-Eyed, came dashing into the ancestral cave, threw aside his loin-cloth, bashed his wife's head in with his Primitive Stone Weapon, and bellowed to his eldest son, George the Pop-Eyed : Hoi, George, old man, I've got a soul ! "

"Why, daddy ? " said little George, the Pop-Eyed, as was his custom.

"Listen, sonny, and I'll tell you what," answered his father, sternly.

To cut a long story short, George the One eyed had just met up with a sabre-toothed tiger, and his *amour-propre* had not come out any the better for the encounter, The great George, who was wont to slay Bronti and Sauri and things with his bare hands, had been roughly handled by a mere slip of a sabre-toothed. He had to recover his self-respect, and as he was standing there meditating, an unusual thing for him, he felt something developing which made him feel vastly superior to any animal, and which he called *saoul*, for he knew a bit of Gaulish and this new sensation made him feel a bit drunk.

George in due course went to his ancestors, and his *saoul*, or soul, hung around the old homestead and frightened the children, sitting in trees and making funny noises at night.

With the march of time, souls developed. A certain Plato got into a dreadful tangle with his. But then, most Greeks were frightfully keen on the idea, and Had a Word For It, as for most things of a doubtful nature. The Romans were on the whole a More Practical

Race, but did their share of soul-sifting. In modern times the Germans have always been very hot on souls. Frightfully Spiritual People, the Germans, you know. The present-day German soul is, of course, vastly superior to any other make ; compounded with castor-oil, Blood, Iron, S.A., *jugend*, and things, it is definitely to be highly recommended.

As to the nature and reactions of the soul. Fill George up with wine, beer, or spirituous liquors : see the look of disgust on his soul's face ? And let George trample on widows and orphans ; let him grind the faces of the suffering poor : his soul winces perceptibly. Thus the awkward thing about a soul is that it is such a spoil-sport. You can't get rid of it once you've got it (like freckles), and once you've got it, too, you don't really know what to do with it. But it knows what to do with you all right ; it makes you worry about the state of itself, and wonder if last night seared it up a little. Getting a soul is rather a complicated business. Some people say that we are born with souls. I've seen and heard a few babies, and if a soul is all that it's supposed to be, then frankly I don't believe it. In any case, it has to be developed, like the capacity for holding your liquor. The method is quite simple : firstly, you must stop smoking, as smoking gives the soul a leathery texture, like kippers. Drinking too : drinking lets it get out of hand, makes it unruly. You must listen to classical music ; it may make you sick, but it's very good for the soul. And you've got to do Good Things, like drinking the other chap's beer so that he won't go home drunk to his little wife, even if she does like him in a playful mood. This may cause trouble, but it practically doubles the size of the soul.

If you have developed your soul along the right lines, it is a free pass to a place similarly nebulous where all the jolly little souls sit around all day and play "Hometown" on harpsichords ; but unfortunately, you, no longer needed as a home for the old soul, will have by this time been cast aside like an old glove, or last week's light o' love.

And now we know all about the Soul, let us consider its little playmates, Good and Evil ? What is Good ? What is Evil ? (note highly philosophical style). For all you know, Good might be Evil and E. might be G., which on the whole is rather an encouraging thought, but you can't say which is which and be certain about it. Some say that what is natural is good, and what is unnatural is— Oh ! let's give this up ; I think they're just about open by now !

J. R. B. G.

## PERSONALITIES——

### PRESIDENT.

This session we welcome as President of the Union A. R. Brown. No one could be better fitted to hold such an exalted rank than one who, in the past three years, has been a most active participant in all branches of College life, in academic pursuits and in games, in the social life of the Union and its administration. A prominent and popular member of the Boat Club, he has rowed in the First eight for over a year. An indispensable member of the Stage Society, he has frequently played the leading role in its productions. Member of the Students' Council, Secretary of the Faculty Society of Economics, Business Manager of *Wessex News*, and, not the least important, graduation in June with a London Economics Degree, are among his many other previous distinctions.

His gay manner, sense of humour, and charming personality, combined with his knowledge and understanding of all Union affairs, promise to make him a memorable President. We wish him all possible success and the loyal support of every member of the Union.

### VICE-PRESIDENT.

Madge Gardener, this year's Vice-President, really needs no introduction here, for being in her fifth year, she knows College and is known by it perhaps better than most of our other prominent members. We missed her during her absence from College for a large part of Session 1935-6, owing to illness, and were very glad to see her again during the summer of 1936. The following Session her election to the Presidency of Highfield attested to the esteem which Highfield has for her, and her election as this year's Vice-President of the Union is a fitting gesture from the College to one whom it is very happy to have had within its walls. Miss Gardener graduated in June last and has played for the first teams of both the women's hockey and tennis clubs.

### MR. SECRETARY.

Henry Jagger has all the qualities of a successful Union Secretary—a very disarming elegance of manner, useful when dealing with people who ask awkward questions, sufficient of that detached dignity which deals with those who pester, and the necessary thickness of skin essential to that official who is always expected to take the blame when things go wrong, and to be forgotten when they go right. The



College has a most likeable and capable Secretary, who has himself refuted to the full the criticisms of those people who, at the beginning of the session, considered that he was taking too many responsibilities upon himself. Good luck and many credit balances !

### “AFTER OCTOBER.”



HERE seemed to be a general consensus of opinion that “After October” was a difficult play for production, yet the finished article proved both entertaining and amusing. Individual criticism is never satisfactory, as such a performance must be considered as an entity and not on the merit of its component parts. A few words as to individual interpretation may, however, pass without arousing too much antagonism.

Miss Read as Mrs. Monkham played a natural part, but perhaps owing to our previous acquaintance with the individuals, she appeared more sisterly than motherly towards Clive. This part, interpreted by A. R. Brown, was generally satisfactory, though at times he seemed somewhat unsure of himself, particularly in his scenes with Frances. Miss Barr was well cast and her realistic interpretation was one of the outstanding features of the play. F. J. Sewry and Miss Binning obviously enjoyed themselves in their portrayals of Brian Guest and Marigold Ivens, the latter in particular revealing hitherto unsuspected dramatic ability. Miss Richardson as the maid caused considerable amusement by her lively acting. M. Bell's own personality tended to obscure his characterisation of Oliver Nashwick. H. W. J. Nash seemed rather badly cast, and although he did very well, considering the material at his disposal, he just failed to convince as the middle-aged waster, Alec Mant. The part of Joan Monkham was ably depicted by Miss Taylor, though perhaps her natural charm was more responsible for her sympathetic reception than her acting. Armand St. Rene and Lou, his wife, proved two of the most popular characters ; N. Jefferies and Miss Walsh are to be congratulated on a versatile and diverting performance.

Messrs. Wickens, Jagger, and Burroughs, though unseen, were not unappreciated. The wireless once anticipated Mrs. Monkham's movements by several seconds ! Miss Foster and Mr. Emery deserve thanks and praise for so ably producing a play the intrinsic value of which is not outstanding.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(With apologies to "*Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.*")

From J. Hacksaw, Esq.,  
Mafeking Hill,  
5th Nov., 1937.

DEAR SIR,



AY I call the attention of your readers to the splendid work done for the Empire by the O.T.C. It gives the sorely-needed backbone to the whimpering young boys and the effeminate individuals with which this generation is so encumbered, and to whom the best advice I can give, is to buy some good Empire corsets.

Yours faithfully,  
J. HACKSAW (Maj., rtd.)

From R. G. D. Harde-Smyte,  
President, Daisy League,  
(Portsmouth Lodge).  
10.11.37.

SIR,

I wish definitely and emphatically to express my approval of the formation of an O.T.C. at your University. All honest men must strike a blow at the insidious Red Hand. Indeed, I have bought an umbrella, which I carry constantly for this purpose.

Yours sincerely,  
R. G. D. HARDE-SMYTE.

From Dora Hayseed,  
"Dinky Doo,"  
Primrose Lane.  
12th November, 1937.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I think it was an awfully good idea to dress out our men in those dinky brown suits, but I think perhaps a touch of blue lace at the collar and a little pink *fripé* at the bottom would be so much more attractive. Could this be arranged, I wonder? Perhaps you could arrange for one of the officers to come up and see me.

Yours ever,

BOBO.

From D. Pirsky,  
Red House,  
Purple Square.

CITIZEN EDITOR,

I wish to complain of the latest manifestation of capitalist oppression. At a recent meeting on "I was A Capitalist Blood-sucker," a crowd of hooligans led by a Dervish waving an umbrella, completely drowned the speaker by repeatedly yelling: "We don't care for—" outside the window. But let them beware; the Proletariat will arm itself and fight this oppression.

Comrades, I salute you,  
DMITRI PIRSKY.

From Josiah Potter,  
Gardener,  
University College,  
Southampton.

DR. SIR,

I am sorry to give trouble, but what with my rheumatics and me not being so young as I was, I can't put right all the damage done on Tuesday last. And sir, what with the big crowd of men fighting all over the seed-beds and bushes they broke 5 dozen pots, as well as panes of glass. Not to mention I found part of an umbrella in the water system and the Cacti look to have been put to an improper purpose, which makes me suspect foul play, although none of my business. Will you please see if something can be done sir, as I am in a fair flummox.

Yrs. in anticipation,  
JOS. POTTER.

Substance of a note from the Pr-nc-p-1:

. . . . which cannot be called fair wear and tear and the Union will therefore be fined the sum of. . .



## STRENGTH SYMBOLIC.



WIND cloud and tide  
 Rush over the countryside,  
 Taking up arms in vain  
 Against this Paradise of England.  
 Smile of disdain  
 Is on the trees, with ease  
 Of giant majesty  
 Challenging the grey sky.  
 Wind rushes by  
 In vain,  
 And England's beauteous solidity  
 Withstands, smiling disdain.



SOC. SOC.

All must be level in our government.

*Shakespeare.*

F. W. S-WR-Y.

Perfection walks slowly, she requires the hand of time.

*Voltaire.*

NEW REFEC.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.

*Shakespeare.*

DR. P-TT-R.

The stories, whether they are traditional or whether you make them up yourself, are first sketched in outline, and then expanded by putting in episodes.

*Aristotle.*

R. W-L-Y.

Sir, you are wrong.

*Boswell.*

TERMINALS QUESTION-PAPER.

O, Hell, what do mine eyes with grief behold?

*Milton.*

Conflicting reports reach us as to the character and integrity of Ector, the new Buttons. The following remarks overheard recently may help to clear up the matter :

*A Man Student* : "Ruddy cheeky young blighter."

*A Woman Student* : "Isn't he a dear little boy ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

"The carriages of railway trains are usually associated with smoke and filth" (Lecturer at Contact).

Did we hear someone say something about Exeter ?


\* \* \* \* \*

A recent kind offer made by the W.N. of a framed photograph of the Girl at College, suitable for presentation to the Girl at Home, has not been taken advantage of by the majority, who give us to understand that they want their girls at home to maintain an interest in them and would rather have something to make them a little jealous.





### CONNAUGHT HALL.

ONNAUGHT is turning over a new leaf! this is the only conclusion which can be reached after viewing in retrospect the activities of this term. The inhabitants of Connaught seem to have been converted to a new ideology, and have taken as their ideal, the noble conception of Quietism, and now, "Silent and chaste, we steal along, Far from the world's gay busy throng." So completely has this philosophy captivated our inmates that on one night only one man could tear himself from our Alma Mater, and dissipate himself in Southampton! How long this most remarkable state of affairs will continue is a subject for speculation.

We welcome into our midst our guests from overseas and trust that they are finding their stay at Connaught as pleasant as we are finding it advantageous.

We were honoured by the presence of the Principal at our Entertainment, which we have reason to believe was our best for many moons. May we thank Highfield and Russell for their hospitality this term, and the very delightful evenings we have had with them?

Finally, we had the privilege of holding the first debate attended by the Canadian delegates from Montreal and Toronto—or was it Toronto and Montreal?

### STONEHAM.

This term we returned to find our former resident Tutor had now become our Sub-Warden—an appointment we all heartily endorse—and to welcome Dr. Ladborough as our new resident Tutor, and as instructor in mysterious Scottish rites; we have to thank them both for the way in which they have co-operated with the members of the J.C.R. in their entertainments and other legitimate activities.

This year Stoneham is again honoured by the presence there of the President of the Union ; it is also notable for the profusion of graduates, while the Juniors seem on the whole to make up in quality what they lack in quantity.

Stoneham Choir is functioning perfectly and is giving a command performance at the local Y.M.C.A. on December 5th. As usual, Stoneham Entertainment was the best of the year. We are all glad to see that Highfield and Connaught fully realise that there is only one institution in College worthy of such imitation as has been accorded them this term.

Perhaps the most notable function of this year was the flood of champagne which rained down upon us on the occasion of the Warden's birthday.

In conclusion, we must note with regret that this term we are losing our Vice-Matron after a long period of the best and most loyal service ; we are all very sorry to lose Miss Shiner, but join in wishing her very sincerely every happiness on the occasion of her marriage.

R.G.D.K.

#### MONTEFIORE HALL.

At the end of last session, Monte lost several members whose places it will be difficult to fill. They carry with them the very best wishes of the Hall for their success in the various positions which they have taken.

The records of Monte for this term are practically nil. At the time of going to press we have not shown our capabilities as entertainers, but have been very agreeably entertained by both Russell and Connaught Halls. The Freshers' tea and sing-song took place as usual on the first Friday of term, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Now, as the term draws towards its close, the Freshers are taking an active part in both Hall and College affairs, and the sense of unity which pervades the Hall augurs well for future activities.

#### HIGHFIELD HALL.

This term we extend a hearty welcome to our new Warden, Miss Lightbody, who has already entered into the life of the Hall and has shown great interest in our various activities.

Unfortunately, lingering memories of last year's "Highfield Rag," still remained when the session began, and consequently Hall was banned to many who might otherwise have visited us. Before long, however, the cloud of suspense had passed over. The ban was raised, and Highfield Entertainment was held on November 6th. A seasonable spirit of Guy Fawkes prevailed throughout the evening : and special mention must be made of our very dramatic performance relating the history of Kelly—may we hasten to assure you that all characters in this performance were purely non-fictional, and that no reference was made to non-living persons.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Russell and Connaught for the very enjoyable time we had at their Entertainments.

Last, but not least, we might mention that we will be keeping pace with other Halls by installing a Students' 'phone—when the Clerk of Works completes the 'phone cabinet.

## RUSSELL HALL.

This term, Russell Hall entered a new phase of its existence through having bought a dart board, and this term in lunch hours it has proved a great help in improving the Social life of the Hall. We hope that it will be a step towards making Russell Hall a much more live centre for the College life of town men. At the beginning of the term too, Russell Hall was moved (quite by chance) to a new room, which is, as far as a hut could be, a great improvement on old Hut C. The Freshers' Tea and Russell Hall Entertainment were both as enjoyable as ever. The Dancing at the Russell Entertainment was the best part of the evening and whilst the Entertainment itself was good in parts, it would have been better shortened. We were overshadowed by Highfield and Connaught entertainments, but we have much less opportunity of getting together than residential students.

Russell Hall has begun a new policy, or rather made more definite some older traditions, of taking part as a Hall in College affairs. Of this, more in the separate article. Here, however, may be mentioned the fact that arising out of a suggestion from R.H. committee, came the dancing in dinner hour, with instruction by college experts; and Russell Hall has also approached the Students' Council about having a College Bar.

## VISITORS TO STONEHAM.



AMONGST the distinguished visitors already received at, or visiting South Stoneham House this Session are Dr. Adams, whose recent thesis on Local Government in Hertfordshire is of particular interest to the History and Economics students; Mr. Basil Henrique, Warden of the Saint George's Jewish Boys' Club; Mr. Christopher Samson, the well-known man of letters. Also certain past members of the House, of whom we are justly proud: H. J. Taylor (1922-4), first Governor of the first Borstal Institution Overseas, in Burma; R. E. Brown (1930-4), who after his year in Johannesburg, is now at Cambridge on a Racial course prior to taking up administrative work in Nigeria; J. W. Eddols (1930-32), now Head of the Training Department for Basuto teachers at Modderfont, Orange Free State. Amongst recent Stoneham men who have gone into educational and missionary work in Africa and India are R. H. May (Uganda), the Rev. R. B. Brading (Zanzibar), the Rev. R. S. King (India: Chota Nagpur), and D. Barker, who goes to Rhodesia at the end of the year.

We are particularly proud of the ever-increasing band of South Stoneham men who are thus finely serving overseas.







#### WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.



HE Women's Hockey Club were fortunate in losing only two members of the 1st XI at the end of last session. The Freshers were, on the whole, disappointing, but the vacancies and one or two other positions which were weak, have been filled and the team generally shapes well.

So far, the 1st XI has only once been defeated. This augurs well for U.A.U. matches, and it is hoped that this team will obtain better results in these matches than the club has had in the past few years.

Unfortunately, however, there is not enough support to run a 2nd XI efficiently, and we would appeal to all women, who can possibly do so, to play hockey.

#### BOXING CLUB.

The Boxing Club, as usual, has started the session with a weakened membership. Two of last season's active members have unfortunately gone down, thus robbing the club of some of its small stock of experience, and although some new blood has been acquired, there is a definite shortage of men and new members would be very welcome. Previous experience is not necessary, but of course it is a very valuable asset.

We think it should be mentioned here, that one of the great disadvantages from which the club suffers, is that so few men when they come up to College have ever done any boxing, whilst most are moderately well acquainted with soccer, rugby, hockey, or some other branch of athletics. True, also, that most men cannot row or fence when they come to College, but fortunately both the Boat Club and the Fencing Club have permanent coaching facilities, whereas expert coaching for the Boxing Club is only attainable spasmodically. This difficulty cannot be helped at the moment but will be remedied, doubtless, sometime in the future. Again the lack of a gymnasium is felt especially keenly by the Boxing Club. These statements of difficulty are not meant in the nature of a "moan" so much as an explanation of why progress is perhaps not so noticeable nor so scintillating as it is in some other clubs.

There is an away fixture with Bristol University this term, whilst next term we hope to visit Exeter University, and to entertain both Bristol and Exeter down here. Typical of the Boxing tradition, we await the coming events with optimism.

H.G.W.

## MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

The Club has suffered a heavy loss through the going-down of J. Cowling, our last year's captain, and L. H. Russell, who was defeated only once during the two years that he was with us. Their departure has handicapped us greatly, and we would make an earnest appeal for continued and sincere support during this session.

We are again fortunate in securing the use of the men's bath on Tuesdays from 9—10 p.m. Throughout that hour, Mr. S. Abrahams, our coach, shows himself ever ready to help everyone in need of advice, and we would like many more to avail themselves of the opportunity which the club-night offers.

Polo matches and swimming contests will not begin in earnest until the summer term; but matches and events will be arranged with local clubs, with the idea of providing the best means for practice and experience.

Finally, if we are to show the need for a College bath, more can be done by a strong body of *active* swimmers, than an overcharge of useless chatter at meetings!

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

We were disappointed this year in not having W. Coles back as Captain, and also because Wallace, owing to his selection for the Empire Games, had to resign his position as captain. The new officials elected were: Captain, F. W. Belton; Vice-Captain, J. R. Hill.

In spite of the fact that numbers are smaller than in former years, the club still manages to run two teams, and occasionally a third eleven. The 1st XI, practically a new team this year, have not been very successful up to the present, but are beginning to settle down now as recent victories, 7—1 against Romsey Town and 6—3 against Queen Mary's College, show. This year, instead of entering the Hants Senior Cup we entered the Intermediate Cup, but were knocked out in the first round by Bramtoco Sports, at Totton. The 2nd XI have done nothing outstanding yet, but as everyone in the Club is keen, we expect better results in the future, especially in U.A.U. games. We also send out an appeal for more touchline support in our home fixtures—perhaps we'll do better then.

## BOAT CLUB.

At the time of going to press, the Boat Club has had no opportunity of showing what its real strength is, but prospects are good for a successful year.

We start the Session with a Captain contemplating resignation, in view of his inability to take an active part in the rowing as a result of an operation in the long vacation, but his services were considered indispensable and already he has justified our expectations, and has done invaluable work in the Coaching line—particularly amongst the Freshers who have joined the Boat Club in good force. Numbers in the Club are very nearly the same as last year in spite of the fall in College generally, and with six colours men in the first boat and at least four previous second eight men as a nucleus for a second crew this session, I think the prospects can justly be described as "good."

### CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

At the beginning of the season the prospects of the C.C.C. appeared much brighter than they have subsequently turned out to be. The Freshers were well up to standard, and there were five of last year's colours men left ; an unusual amount of injuries has been the cause of the failure to realise fully the potentialities of the club. If the injured members of the club are fit by the beginning of next term, the club should give a much worthier account of itself.

### FENCING CLUB.

The Fencing Club this year has sustained the progress made in previous years, and is now engaged on a definite fixture-list of regular matches. The club now teaches members the use of all three weapons, *épée*, foil, and sabre, weapons being chosen according to temperament. The man of hasty temperament finds the sabre most to his liking, the cautious fencer prefers the *épée*, whilst foil is reserved for practising *finesses*.

The Club was founded three years ago by Captain Wakeford, of the Navigation Department, who since that time has constantly been ready to offer his experienced coaching services. An invitation has been extended to him this term to become the President of the Club.





## UNIONS AND SOCIETIES

### SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

**I**N the past the Socialist Society has concerned itself mainly with politics in the narrow sense; with home affairs, foreign affairs, the Labour Party, and questions of theory. In the future, without ignoring the more particular political problems, it is going to take a greater interest in questions that more nearly concern students; in discussing the bearing Socialism has on their particular subject, and to what extent their professional interests are bound up with political questions.

Our activity this term has consisted of a dance, which, as a first attempt we feel to have been quite successful, a meeting at which Professor Betts spoke on "The Prospects of Socialism," and another at which Councillor Matthews described Labour's Short Term Programme. During this period a number of our members gave help to the Labour Party in the Municipal Elections. The last meeting before going to Press, was a joint one with the University of London Graduate Labour Party, at which two resolutions were passed, condemning the *de facto* recognition of General Franco, and showing concern about the way the Basque children are being sent back to Spain without adequate investigation.

### TOC H (SOUTH STONEHAM GROUP).

As unfortunately is usually the case, we lost about half of our members at the end of last session. However, with the addition of several keen probationers, prospects are quite bright for the future of the Group.

The opening meeting of the term was combined with L. W. H. and received good support. Padre Rham, together with the officers of the groups, outlined to the Freshers the aims and ideals of Toc H. At the second meeting Maung Ohn gave a very vivid account of his experiences during the Long Vacation in the Work Camps of the Distressed Areas, and referred to the terrible plight of the unemployed. The Jobmaster has in hand schemes for helping the unemployed in Durham.

At the next meeting we heard of a problem familiar to Southampton and other large terminal ports, through boys becoming stranded in the town after their ships have "paid off." In this problem Toc H, through its Seafaring Boys' Club in Bruns-

wick Square, is largely meeting the need, and Jack Clark, the Warden of the Club, gave a most interesting account of its great work.

In the future we hope to have, among other topics of general interest, talks on the Boys' Club Movement and Toc H in schools. In addition, we hope soon to start lunch-hour discussion groups.

Visitors are warmly welcomed to the meetings of the group which are held at 8.15 p.m. on alternate Tuesdays in South Stoneham Vicarage.

### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Geographical Society's programme for this session has so far been very successful. The first meeting was in the shape of a Student Lecture, given jointly by Mr. J. H. C. Fulford, our President, and Mr. K. C. Russell. They gave a most interesting account of some field-work which they and another Honours student, Mr. T. N. Redford, carried out in Denmark last summer with students from the Geography Department of Manchester University and under the direction of Professor Fleure. The lecture, which was profusely illustrated by their own photographs, was followed by a lively discussion. At the next meeting, the Society was honoured by the visit of Brigadier M. N. MacLeod, Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, who gave us an unusually interesting lecture entitled "Kinthup, the Faithful Servant," on a piece of geographical exploration once carried out in the Himalayas; it was a subject entirely new to us and the meeting was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The third lecture on the programme was given by Dr. R. A. Pelham of Birmingham University, who gave an account of his extraordinary experiences in Central Africa, and his lecture was illustrated by a large number of excellent slides.

The remainder of our lectures are equally interesting and promise great variety. The following lecturers have very kindly made arrangements to visit us: Capt. D. H. Macmillan, A.I.N.A., Hydrographic Surveyor of the Southampton Harbour Board, who will lecture on "The Hydrography of Southampton Water." Mr. D. Trevor Williams, M.A., of University College, Swansea, on "Some Aspects of the Post War Economic Geography of South Wales." Mrs. Pedoe, on "Ruthenia." Mr. E. H. G. Dobby, of the Municipal College, Portsmouth, on "Lorca, a Wadi in Spain." Mr. H. P. Moon, M.A., of the Dept. of Zoology and Geology, on "Observations on High Andean Geography."

We are also arranging a programme of excursions; this term we are visiting the Ordnance Survey Office and the *Empress of Britain*. The Society is always very glad to welcome other members of the College on these excursions, which are always of wide interest.

### CHESS CLUB.

This season the Chess Club has entered two teams in the Southampton Chess League, one in each division, and one team in the second division of the Hampshire League. The promising start made by the "A" team suggests that it will achieve greater success than last year. So far, all the matches, excluding those not yet adjudicated, have been won, mostly by convincing margins.

The "B" team has not quite fulfilled expectations. After winning its first two league fixtures, it has suffered reverses, which can be attributed only to careless play, and not to superior opposition.

The Championship Tournament for the John Lewis Challenge Cup will start shortly.

Next term we hope to play a few friendly matches, one against a London College, as in previous years. Teams will again be entered in the lightning tournament, in which the College has always been so successful.

So far the Chess Ladder has not been very popular, and we remind everyone interested in Chess that it is in Room 40, which is available for Chess daily in the lunch hour.

In conclusion we should like to draw attention to the fact that the backbone of both teams, especially the "A," consists of Russell men. Can it be that there are no brains in "Hall"?

### CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Freshers' Squash was well attended and several Freshmen have joined us, signing the usual declaration.

So far this term prayer meetings, Bible Study Circles, and Missionary Study Circles have been held as regularly as Union Meetings have permitted, and have been very helpful. On November 1st, Canon R. B. Jolly addressed an open meeting in the Music Studio on "Bishop Azariah and the Mass Movements of India." In the near future we hope to hold a squash for all overseas students, and this month we are expecting a visit from Miss Nixon, who is one of the travelling representatives of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions to which the Christian Union is affiliated.

### BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have contributed towards the success of our first three meetings. The attendance at these lectures on "Bacteria," "Social Life" and "Among the Natural Wonders of North America," was excellent, but we feel that our varied programme would interest many more people. Knowledge of biology is not essential to the understanding and appreciation of the majority of the lectures, which are on topics of general interest, especially to intending teachers, whatever their special subject.

In addition to the programme of lectures we are holding two informal meetings, at each of which a short paper will be read by a member of the society, and discussion will follow. Excursions to places of biological interest will be arranged during the Summer term.

Finally may we add that all our members attend meetings regularly, and this is in our opinion the best recommendation for any society.

### COSMOPOLITAN CLUB.

Any written account of the work of such an association as the Cosmopolitan Club must of necessity be incomplete and unsatisfactory. It is by the atmosphere of our informal meetings and by the friendly spirit with which members of the Club approach each other's National and International problems, that we hope to measure

our success, and not by increasing lists of members and fat subscription rolls. (We have no list of members and there is no subscription). There is no constitution and only the most nebulous of committees, and the members come on Sunday evenings to the meetings because, we hope, they like them, and stay away when they wish without losing any of the feeling of the Club. There is really no Cosmopolitan Club as such, but only the members of it, and we feel we really are getting somewhere by the informal conversations over coffee which form a large part of our Sunday evening meetings. So often our overseas visitors are here for so regrettably short a time, that without these meetings it would be almost impossible to get to know them. By means of the Club, too, our good friends from Rotary and Roundtable are enabled to meet the foreign students from College and to make contacts and arrange expeditions for them which it would be impossible for us to carry out alone. As a result, our visitors usually go home knowing a good deal more about Southampton and Hampshire than the residents do.

The Club has so many good friends that it would be impossible to thank them all individually, so in accordance with the informal routine of the Club, we thank them collectively and very sincerely here. We in Southampton are very lucky in the number of foreign students at College alone, and the Cosmopolitan Club tries to help them to get the most possible good out of their stay in England, while learning as much as possible from them ourselves.

### THE ART CLUB EXHIBITION.

The First Annual Exhibition of the Wessex University Art Club was opened on Monday, November 22nd, by Brigadier E. M. Jack, and until its close on November 29th, it was well supported by members of the general public as well as by students and members of the staff of the College.

The Exhibition contained works of a varied nature by well-known members of the Club, as well as contributions from prominent local artists. A section of the exhibition was devoted to works on loan and included a number of fine etchings and Miss Miller's striking Belgian poster. There was also a photographic section.

Mr. R. Casson's pictures were greatly admired, especially the beautiful "Nursling Mill," which was exhibited at this year's Royal Academy. We were fortunate in obtaining contributions from Leonard Daniels, W. Dring and Brigadier Jack, and their works were among the chief attractions of the exhibition. Professor Pinto exhibited several very fine pastel studies, remarkable for their bold, individual style.

It is a pity that so few of the students could be persuaded to submit entries for the Art section of the exhibition, and it is hoped that more support will be forthcoming from them in this direction in our next exhibition.

On the other hand the photographic section was composed almost entirely of student contributions, all of them of a very high standard. P. G. Wickens exhibited two fine Sea Studies, and Miss R. Povah's entries were very popular—especially her study of the sailing ship "Katie." Among Mr. R. Dolman's four entries, "Pride" and "Morning Sun" were much admired, and Miss V. Caswell's photographs of Ely and Miss A. Pooley's views of North Wales were greatly appreciated.

It is generally agreed that our first exhibition has proved a great success.

D. MARSHALL.









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